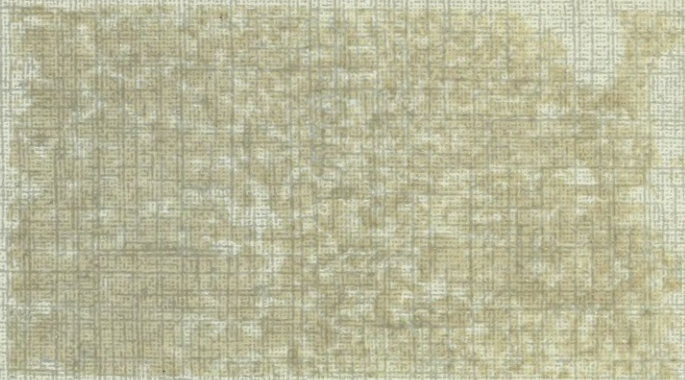




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# The Irish Christmas



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THE IRISH CHRISTMAS

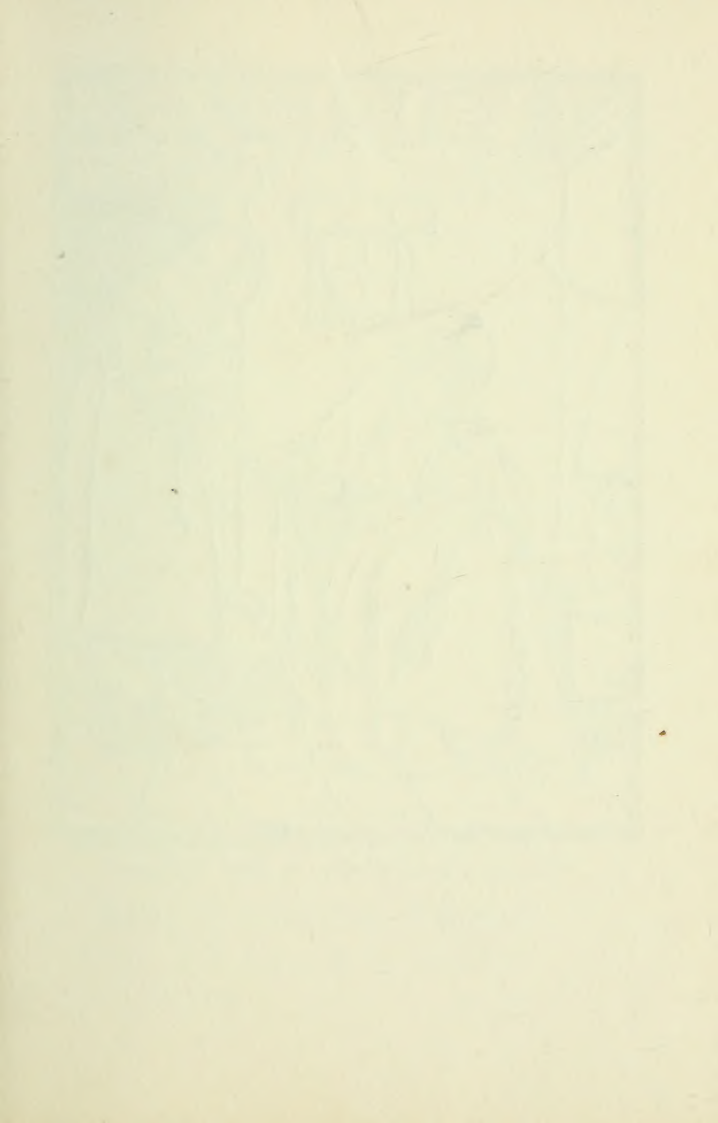
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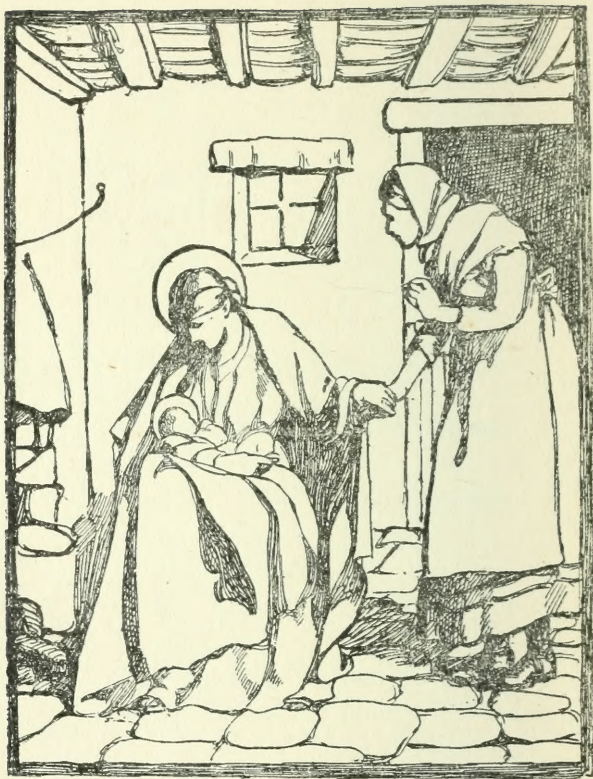
Trí cainle forornat each n-orchá: fí,   
dícne, ecna.

Three candles that light up every darkness :  
Truth, Nature, Knowledge.

THE TRIADS OF IRELAND.





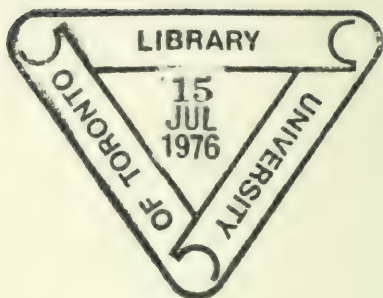


*From an original drawing by Sadb Trinnseach*

# THE IRISH CHRISTMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
SADB TRINNSEACH

THE CANDLE PRESS  
158 RATHGAR ROAD  
DUBLIN . . . . . 1917



*For permission to reprint poems by Susan Mitchell and Joseph Campbell we are indebted to the authors and Messrs. Maunsel & Co., Ltd. Mr. Elkin Mathews has allowed us to include Lionel Johnson's poem, "Christmas and Ireland" "Cronan na Banaltra" is taken with Fr. O'Kelly's consent from An Claideam Soluis, Christmas 1907.*



## CRÓNÁN NA BANALTRA.

Seoitín, Seotó, mo rúor é mo leanb,  
Mo feoð san cealg, mo cúro de'n paozal mór,  
Seoitín, seotó, rúc mór é an taitneam  
Mo rúorín 'n a leabair 'n a' còrlaò san bprón !  
A leanb mo cléib go n-éirighir do còrlaò leat,  
Séan agus ponar coirde 'do comair !  
Beannaict Mhe Dó agus téagar a buime leat !  
Téirig a còrlaò san bíodgar go ló.

Ar mullac an tige tá píobóga seala  
Fá caoin-ré an earrais as imiric a rúoric,  
Seo iad aniar cun glaoir ar mo leanb,  
Le mian é earraingt irteac ran lior mór.  
Goirim tú, a coirde ! ní bfuig' ríad do meallaò  
Le bpiú a sclear ná le binneap a sceóil,  
Tá mipe leo' caoir as guirde oir na mbeannaict,  
Seoitín, a leanb, ní imteo' tú leo.

Or comair mo lacis, go míocair ceanamair  
Tá oíl-puiris ainseal as fairie 'n-a tpeó,  
Le mór-gháò dian 'gá iarrair cun bealaig,  
Mar b'aoirne flaitir dá pacar pé leo.

Δ ρτόρ μο έρωτοε, λυγ ριαρ ιν το λεαβατό !  
 Λε ταοιό το μάιμο ρεαό ράιρμαι ζο ρόιλλ,  
 Μι μόρ ύαν λε Όια μο ρίαιμρα 'ςυρ ιν'αίτεαρ,  
 μο Ρίοζαέτ αρ έαλαμ ι οτεανντα μο βρόιο—

Σεοιτίμ, Σεοτό, μο ρτόρ έ μο λεανό,  
 μο ρεότο ζαν έαλζ, μο έυιο οε'η τραοζαλ μόρ,  
 Σεοιτίμ, ρεοτό, ναέ μόρ έ αν ταιένεαμ  
 μο ρτόιρμ ιν α λεαβατό 'να έοολαό ζαν βρόι !

TOMÁS UA CEALLAIG, SAGART.

[“ Ερώτιν να βανατμα ” αν τ-ειμν ατά αρ ρονν οεαρ ατά ας  
 μιννντιρ έοναμμε. Όειρ ριαο ζυραό έ αν ρονν α βίοό μαρ  
 ρυαντραιοε ας αν μαζοιμ μμμε έ.—Τ. υα ceallaig.]

## CHRISTMAS AND IRELAND

THE golden stars give warmthless fire,  
As weary Mary goes through night:  
Her feet are torn, by stone and briar;  
She hath no rest, no strength, no light:  
O Mary, weary in the snow,  
Remember Ireland's woe!

O Joseph, sad for Mary's sake!  
Look on our earthly Mother too:  
Let not the heart of Ireland break  
With agony the ages through:  
For Mary's love, love also thou  
Ireland, and save her now!

Harsh were the folk, and bitter stern,  
At Bethlehem, that night of nights.  
"For you no cheering hearth shall burn:  
We have no room here, you no rights."  
O Mary and Joseph! hath not she,  
Ireland, been as ye?

The ancient David's royal house  
Was thine, Saint Joseph! wherefore she,  
Mary, thine ever Virgin Spouse,  
To thine own city went with thee.  
Behold! thy citizens disown  
The heir of David's throne!

Nay, more! The Very King of Kings  
Was with you, coming to His own:  
They thrust Him forth to lowliest things;  
The poor meek beasts of toil alone  
    Stood by, when came to piteous birth  
    The God of all the Earth.

And she, our Mother Ireland, knows  
Insult and infamies of wrong:  
Her innocent children clad with woes,  
Her weakness trampled by the strong:  
    And still upon her Holy Land  
    Her pitiless foemen stand.

From Manger unto Coss and Crown  
Went Christ: and Mother Mary passed  
Through Seven Sorrows, and sat down  
Upon the Angel Throne at last.  
    Thence, Mary! to thine own Child pray,  
    For Ireland's hope this day!

She wanders amid winter still,  
The dew of tears is on her face:  
Her wounded heart takes yet its fill  
Of desolation and disgrace.  
    God still is God! And through God she  
    Foreknows her joy to be.



The snows shall perish at the spring,  
The flowers pour fragrance round her feet :  
Ah, Jesus ! Mary ! Joseph ! bring  
This mercy from the Mercy Seat !  
    Send it, sweet King of Glory, born  
    Humbly on Christmas Morn !

LIONEL JOHNSON.

# I FOLLOW A STAR

**I** FOLLOW a star  
Burning deep in the blue,  
A sign on the hills  
Lit for me and for you.

Moon-red is the star,  
Halo-ringed like a rood,  
Christ's heart in its heart set,  
Streaming with blood.

Follow the gilly  
Beyond to the west:  
He leads where Christ lies  
On Mary's white breast.

King, priest, prophet—  
A child, and no more—  
Adonai the Maker!  
Come, let us adore.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

## THE CRIB

DAY closes in the cabin dim,  
They light the Christmas candle tall  
For Him who is the light of all.  
They deck the little crib for Him  
Whose cradle is earth's swinging ball.

SUSAN MITCHELL.

## THE DESCENT OF THE CHILD

WHO can bring back the magic of that story,  
The singing seraphim, the kneeling kings,  
The starry path by which the Child of Glory  
'Mid breathless watches and through myriad  
wings

Came, with the heaven behind him slowly waning,  
Dark with his loss, unto the brightening earth,  
The young, ennobled star, that He so deigning,  
Chose for the heavenly city of His birth?  
What but the heart of youth can hold the story,  
The young child's heart, so gentle and so wild,  
It can recall the magic of that Glory  
That dreamed itself into a little child.

SUSAN MITCHELL.



# HO RI, HO RI.

Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht e, thainig 's an am,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht an tigh 's an bheil ann,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Eadar chuall, us chlach, us chrann,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Iomair do Dhia, eadar brat us aodach.  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Slainte dhaoine gu'n robh ann,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Gu'm bu buan mu'n tulach sibh,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Gu'm bu slan mu'n teallach sibh,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,

Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Nocht oidhche Nollaige Moire,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Rugadh Mac na Mor-Oige

Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Rainig a bhonnaibh an iar,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Shoillsich grian nam beann ard  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Shoillsich fearann, shoillsich fonn  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Chualas an tonn ar an traigh  
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,  
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e.  
Beannaicht an Rìgh  
Gan tus, gan chrich  
Gu suthain gu sior  
Gach linn gu brath.

SEAN-DUAN ALBANACH.





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